

Pomeroys County Telegraph.

32 per annum.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, AND NEWS.

\$1.50 in advance.

T. A. PLANTS, Editor.

"Independent in all things—Neutral in nothing."

T. A. PLANTS & Co., Publishers.

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Pomeroys County Telegraph.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

LAWYERS.

T. A. PLANTS, Attorney and Counselor
at Law, Pomeroys, O. Office in the Court House.

SIMPSON & LASKY, Attorneys &
Counselors at Law, and General Agents,
Pomeroys, O. Office in the Court House.

HANNA & EINHART, Attorneys at
Law, Pomeroys, O. All business entrusted to their
care will receive prompt attention.

THOMAS CARLETON, Attorney and
Counselor at Law, 11th Street, east side,
two doors above T. Smith's Shoe Store, opposite
the Remington House. All business entrusted to
his care will receive prompt attention.

KNOWLES & GROSVENOR, Attor-
neys at Law, Athens, Kentucky, Ohio, will
attend the several courts of the State, and the
day of each term. Office at the "Gibson
House."

DRUGS—GROCERIES—CLOTHING.

ISAAC FALLER, Clothier, Grocer and
Dry Goods Dealer, 1st Street, east side, oppo-
site the Remington House. All business entrusted
to his care will receive prompt attention.

JOHN S. DAVIS, has his Planing Ma-
chine, on Sugar Hill, Pomeroys, in good order, and
constant operation. Placing, weatherboarding,
&c., kept constantly on hand, to fill orders. 1-10

JEWELRY.

PETER LAMBERT, Watchmaker &
Jeweler, 1st Street, east side, below the new Bank-
ing House, Pomeroys. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry
carefully repaired and sold at low prices.

W. A. AICHER, Watchmaker and Jew-
eler, and wholesale and retail dealer in Watches,
Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods, Front-st., above
the Remington House. Particular attention paid
to repairing all articles in his line. 1-1

BOOTS AND SHOES.

T. WHITESIDE, Manufacturer of Boots
and Shoes, Front Street, three doors above Store
bridge. The best of work, for Ladies and Gent-
lemen, made to order. 1-1

LEATHER DEALERS.

MCQUIGG & SMITH, Leather Dealers
and Finders, Court street, 3 doors below the Bank,
and opposite Branch's Store, Pomeroys, O. 1-1

MANUFACTURERS.

SUGAR-RUN Salt Company. Salt twen-
ty-five cents per bushel. Office near the Furnace.
G. W. COOPER, Secretary. 1-1

POMEROYS Salt Company. Salt twenty-
five cents per bushel.

DARNEY Salt Company. Coalport. Salt
twenty-five cents per bushel for country trade.
G. W. COOPER, Secretary. 1-1

BLACKSMITHING.

F. E. HUMPHREY, Blacksmith, in his
new building, back of the Bank building, Pomeroys.
Job Work, Old and New, Horse-shoeing, &c., executed
with neatness and dispatch. 1-1

ENTRERS—GLAZIERS.

F. LYMAN, Painter and Glazier, back
room of P. Lamert's Jewelry Store, west side
Court street, Pomeroys, O. 1-1

SADDLERY.

JOHN EISELSTIN, Saddle, Harness and
Trunk Manufacturer, Front Street, three doors be-
low Court Street, Pomeroys. Saddle, Harness and
Trunk making, to order, with neatness and dispatch.
Saddles gotten up in 24 hours. 1-1

JAMES WRIGHT, Saddle and Harness
Maker, Shop over Black and Bathman's store,
Rainton, O. 1-1

WAGON MAKING.

CARRIAGE & WAGON MAKING by
J. H. HARRIS, Front Street, east side, below the
Court House, Pomeroys, O. All articles in his line
of business manufactured at reasonable rates, and
are especially recommended for durability. 1-1

PETER CROSBIE, Wagon Maker, Mul-
berry street, west side, three doors back Street,
Pomeroys, O. Manufactures of Wagons, Buggy
&c., Carriages, &c. All orders filled on short
notice. 1-1

DEISTERY.

D. C. WHALEY, Surgeon Dentist,
11th Street, east side, below the Court House,
Pomeroys, O. All operations pertaining to the
profession promptly performed. Ladies who
wish to have their teeth cleaned, or
any other dental work, can be
seen at his residence, 11th Street.

Poetry.

For the Pomeroys County Telegraph.

ON THE DEATH OF MAGGIE J. McLAIR.

The spring had just come, and the flowers,
"O'er their sweetest fragrance to shed,
When sweet Maggie died in an hour,
Laid sweet Maggie down with the dead.

'Twas the first of that group that had perished,
The dearest, the loveliest fair,
The gem that those parents so cherished,
Their beacon—their love guiding star.

In that group still there others that's cherished;
But who'll fill that lone vacant chair,
When Maggie, dear Maggie, has perished,
And only sweet Maggie's place is there?

Oh, Maggie, you've left me alone roaming,
On Earth's lone dreary shore,
On Earth's lone dreary shore,
I'm alone—and I'm left alone!

For thy face I shall see never more!
When thy form I last saw, Oh how lovely,
And those blue eyes that were so sweet,
I'll never see them any more!

Friends mourn not the plant that is dead,
Nor the flower that's sunk in its tomb;
That plant will yet flourish in Heaven,
And bright flowers, sweet flowers will bloom.

Alas then, thou fond one forever,
Why thy spirit bright angels attend;
We'll meet thee on Earth—no never!
I've lost in thee, Maggie, a friend.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, May, 1859.

Miscellaneous.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

I shall never forget the commencement
of the temperance reform. I was a child
at the time of some ten years of age. Our
home had every comfort, and my parents
idolized me, their child. Wine was often
on the table, and both my father and my
mother frequently gave it to me in the bot-
tom of the glass.

One Sunday at church a startling an-
nouncement was made to our people. It
was nothing less than the fact that there was
a child whispering among the men. The
pastor said that on the next evening there
would be a meeting, and an address upon
the evils of intemperance in the use of al-
coholic drinks. He expressed himself in
favor of the object of the meeting, and
could not say what would be best to pur-
sue in the matter.

The subject of the meeting came up at
our table after the service, and I questioned
my father about it, with all the curious
eagerness of a child. The whisper and
words which had been dropped in my
hearing, clothed the whole child in great
mystery to me, and I was at eagerness to
learn of this strange thing.

My father said it was some scheme to
unite Church and State.

The night came, and troops of people
gathered on the tavern steps, and I heard
the jest and the laugh, and saw drunken
men reeling out of the bar-room. I urged
my father to let me go, but he refused.
Finally, thinking it would be an innocent
gratification of my curiosity, he put on his
hat, and passed across the green to the
church. I remember well how the people
appeared as they came in, seeming to won-
der what kind of an exhibition was to come
off.

In the corner was the tavern keeper, and
around him a number of friends.

For an hour the people of the place con-
tinued to come in, until there was a fair
houseful. All were curiously watching
the door, wondering what would appear.
The pastor stole in and took a seat behind
a pillar under the gallery, as if doubtful of
the propriety of being there at all.

Two men finally came in and went to
the altar, and took their seats. All eyes
were fixed upon them, and a general still-
ness pervaded the house.

The men were unlike in appearance, one
being short and thick-set in build, the
other tall and well formed. The younger
had the manner and dress of a clergyman,
a full, round face, and a good, good-natured
look, as he leisurely looked round the au-
dience.

But my childish interest was all in the
old man. His broad, deep chest and up-
right, light, looking, giant-like, as he
strode up the aisle. His hair was white,
his brow deeply seamed with furrows, and
around his handsome mouth lines of calm
and touching sadness. His eye was black
and restless, and kindled, as the tavern-
keeper uttered a low jest aloud. His lips
were compressed, and a crimson flush went
and came over his pale cheek. One arm
was off above the elbow, and there was a
wild scar over the right eye.

The younger finally arose and stated the
object of the meeting, and asked if there
was a clergyman present to open with a
prayer.

Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker
himself made a short prayer, and then
made a short address, at the conclusion
calling upon any one present to make re-
marks.

The pastor arose under the gallery, and
attacked the position of the speaker, using
the argument which I have often heard
since, and concluded by denouncing those
engaged in the new movement as meddle-
some fanatics, who wished to break up the
time-honored usages of good society, and
injure the business of respectable men.

At the conclusion of his remarks, the ta-
vern-keeper and his friends got up a cheer,
and the current of feeling was evidently
against the strangers and their plan.

While the pastor was speaking, the old
man fixed his dark eye upon him, and
leaned forward as if to catch every word.

As the pastor took his seat the old man
arose, his tall form towering in its sym-
metry, and his chest swelling as he inhaled
his breath through his thin, dilated nos-
trils. To me, at that time there was some-
thing awe-inspiring and grand in the ap-
pearance of the old man, as he stood with

his eye full upon the audience, his teeth
shut hard, and a silence like that of death
throughout the church. He bent his gaze
upon the tavern-keeper, and that peculiar
eye lingered and kindled for half a mo-
ment.

The scar grew red upon his forehead,
and beneath the heavy eye-brows his eyes
glittered and glowed like those of a ser-
pent. The tavern-keeper quailed before
the searching glance, and I felt a relief
when the old man withdrew his gaze.

For a moment he seemed lost in thought,
and then in a low and tremulous tone com-
menced. There was a depth in that voice,
a thrilling pathos and sweetness which
riveted every heart in the house before the
first period had been rounded. My father's
attention had become riveted on the
speaker, with an interest which I had
never before seen him exhibit. I can but
briefly remember the substance of what
the old man said, though the scene is as
vivid before me now as any that I ever
witnessed.

"My friends!—I am a stranger in your
village, and I trust I may call you friends.
A new star has arisen, and there is hope
in the dark night which hangs like a pall
of gloom over our country." With a
thrilling depth of voice the speaker con-
tinued: "O, God! thou who lookest with
compassion upon the most erring of earth's
children, I thank thee that a brazen ser-
pent has been lifted, upon which the
drunkard can look and be helped; that a
beacon has burst out upon the darkness
that surrounds him, which shall guide
back to hope and heaven the bruised and
weary wanderer."

It is strange what power there is in some
voices. The speaker was slow and un-
moved, but a tear trembled in every eye,
and before I knew why, a tear dropped
upon my hand, followed by others, like
rain drops. The old man brushed one
from his own eye, and continued:

"Men and Christians! you have just
heard that I am a vagrant and fanatic. I
am not. As God knows my own heart, I
came here to do good. Hear and be just.
I am an old man standing alone at the
end of life's journey; there is deep sorrow
in my heart, and tears in my eyes. I
have journeyed over a dark and boneless
ocean, and all life's hopes have been
wrecked. I am without friends, home or
kindred upon earth, and look with longing
to the rest of the night of death. Without
friend, kindred or home! It was not so
once."

No one could withstand the touching
pathos of the old man. I noticed a fear-
trembling on the lid of my father's eye,
and I was no more ashamed of my own
tears. "No, my friends, it was not so once!
Away over the dark waves which have
wrecked my hopes, there is a blessed light
of happiness and home; I reach again con-
fidently for the shrines of the household
idols that once were, now mine no more."

The old man seemed looking through
fancy upon some bright vision, his lips
apart and finger extended. I involuntarily
turned in the direction where it was
pointed, dreading to see some shadow in-
voked by his movements.

"I once had a mother. With her heart
crushed with sorrow, she went down to
the grave. I once had a wife—as fair an
angel-creature as ever smiled in an earthly
home; her eyes as mild as a summer sky,
and her heart as faithful and true as ever
guarded and cherished a husband's love.
Her blue eyes grew dim as the flood of
sorrow washed away their brightness, and
the living heart was broken. I once had
a noble, a brave and beautiful boy—but he
was driven out from the ruins of his
home, and my heart yearns to know if he
yet lives. I once had a babe—a sweet,
tender blossom, but my hand destroyed it,
and it liveth with One who loves children."

"Do not be startled, my friends; I am
not a murderer in the common acceptance
of the term. Yet there is a light in my
evening sky. A spirit mother rejoices
over the return of her prodigal son. The
wife smiles upon him who again turns
back to virtue and honor. The child-an-
gel visits me at night-fall, and I feel the
hallowed touch of a tiny palm upon my
feverish cheek. My boy, if he yet lives,
would forgive the sorrowing old man for
the treatment which drove him into the
world. God forgive me for the ruin I have
brought upon me and mine."

He again wiped a tear from his eye.
My father watched him with a strange in-
terest, and a countenance unusually pale,
and excited by some strange emotion.

"I was once a fanatic, and madly fol-
lowed the malign light which led me to
ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed
my wife, children, happiness and home,
to the accursed demon of the bowl. I
once adored the gentle being whom I in-
jured so deeply."

"I was a drunkard. From respectability
and affluence I plunged into degrada-
tion and poverty. I dragged my family
down with me. For years I saw her
cheek pale, and her step grow weary. I
left her alone amid the wreck of her home
idols, and rioting at the tavern. She never
complained, yet she and the children went
hungry for bread."

"One new year's night I returned late
to the hut where charity had given us a
roof. She was yet up, and shivering over
the coals. I demanded food, but she
burst into tears and told me there was
none. I fiercely ordered her to get some.
She turned her eyes sadly upon me, the
tears falling fast over her crumpled cheek.
At this moment the child in the cradle awoke,
and sent up a fainting wail, starting the
despairing mother like a serpent's sting."

"We have no food, James; I have had
none for several days. I have had nothing
for the babe. My once kind husband,
must we starve?"

That sad, pleading face, and those
streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the

child, maddened me, and I—yes, I struck
her a fierce blow in the face, and she fell
forward upon the hearth. The wail of the
child hushed in my bosom, and with deeper
intensity as I felt I had committed a wrong,
I had never struck Mary before; but now
some terrible impulse came on me, and I
stooped, as well as I could in my drunken
state, and clenched both hands in her
hair.

"God of mercy, James!" exclaimed my
wife, as she looked up in my fanatical
countenance, "you will not kill us—you
will not harm William!" and she sprang to
the cradle and grasped him in her embrace.

I caught her again by the hair, and
dragged her to the door, and as I lifted the
latch the wind burst in with a cloud of
snow. With the yell of a fiend I still
dragged her on, and hurried her out into
the storm. With a wild hal hal I closed
the door and turned the button, her plead-
ing moans mingling with the wail of the
blast and sharp cry of her babe. But my
work was not complete.

"I turned to the little bed, where lay
my elder son, and snatched him from his
slumbers; and against his half-wakened
struggles, opened the door and thrust him
out. In the agony of fear he called me by
a name I was no longer fit to bear, and
locked his fingers into my side-pocket. I
could not wrench that frenzied grasp away,
and with the coldness of a devil, as I was,
I shut the door upon his arm, and with my
knife severed it at the wrist."

The speaker ceased a moment, and
barred his face in his own hand, as if to
shut out some fearful dream, and his deep
cheat heaved like a fearful storm-swept sea.
My father had arisen from his seat and
was leaning forward, his countenance
bloodless, the large drops standing out
upon his brow. Chills crept back to my
young heart, and I wished I was at home.
The old man looked up, and I never have
since beheld such mortal agony pictured
upon human face as there was upon his.

"It was morning when I awoke, and
the storm had ceased, but the cold was in
the air. I first secured a drink of water,
and then looked in the accustomed place
for Mary. As I missed her for the first
time, a shadowy sense of some horrible
nightmare began to dawn upon my wan-
dering mind. I thought I had a fearful
dream, but involuntarily opened the outside
door with a shuddering dread.

"As the door opened, the snow burst
in followed by the fall of something across
the threshold, scattering the snow and
striking the floor with a sharp, hard sound.
My blood stood like red-hot arrows through
my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to keep
them from seeing. It was, O, God! how hor-
rible! It was my own injured Mary and
her babe frozen to ice! The ever true
mother had bowed herself over the child
to shield it, her own person stark and bare
to the storm."

"She had placed her hair over the face
of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to
the white cheek. The frost was white in
its half-open eyes and upon its tiny fin-
gers. I know not what became of my
grave boy."

Again the old man bowed his head and
wept and all that were in the house wept
with him. In tones of low and heart-bro-
ken pathos the old man concluded:

"I was arrested, and for long months
raved in delirium. I awoke, was sent
to prison for ten years, but no torture
could have been like those I endured
within my own bosom. O, God, no! I
am not a fanatic. I wish to injure no one.
But while I live, let me strive to warn
others not to enter the path which has been
so dark a one to me."

The old man sat down, but a spell, as
deep and strong as that wrought by some
wizard's breath, rested upon the audience.
Hearts could have been heard in their beat-
ing, and tears to fall. The old man then
asked the people to sign the pledge. My
father leaped from his seat and snatched
at it eagerly. I had followed him and as
he hesitated a moment, with pen in the ink,
a tear fell from the old man's eye on the
paper.

"Sign it, sign it, young man. Angels
would sign it, I would write my name ten
thousand times in blood, if it would bring
back my loved ones."

"My father wrote 'WIMPIER HUDSON.'
The old man looked, with his tearful eyes,
and looked again, his countenance alter-
nately flushed with a red and death-like
paleness.

"It is—no, it cannot be; yet how
strange!" muttered the old man. "Par-
don me, sir, but that was the name of my
brave boy."

My father trembled, and held up the left
arm, from which the hand had been se-
vered.

They looked up for a moment in each
other's eyes, both reeled and gasped:

"My own injured son!"

They fell upon each other's neck and
wept until it seemed that their souls would
go down and mingle with one. There was
weeping in that church, and sad faces
around me.

"Let me thank God for his great bless-
ing which has gladdened my guilt-bur-
dened soul!" exclaimed the old man; and
kneeling down he poured out his heart in
one of the most melting prayers I ever
heard. The spell was then broken, and
all eagerly signed the pledge slowly going
to their homes, as if to leave the spot.

The old man is dead. The lesson he
taught his grand-child on his knee, as his
evening sun went down without a cloud,
will never be forgotten. His fanaticism
has lost none of its fury in my manhood's
heart."

Some thirty young Germans have
left Cincinnati for the father-land intend-
ing to enlist in the services of Austria, out
of dislike to Napoleon.

Examination of Teachers.

The following questions were propoun-
ded for written answers at the Examina-
tion of Teachers on the 4th inst.

GRAMMAR.

1. How do you determine the gender,
person and number of a pronoun?

2. How do you determine the case of a
pronoun?

3. Name the different modes of the verb
together with the tenses of each.

4. Write a conjugation of the verb "to
go," in the first past and third past tenses.

5. Decline the following words in both
numbers: lady, outfit, sheep.

6. John, and you and I, will have gone
together. Correct the sentence.

7. "Until then nothing was heard of
such pretensions." Parse each word.

8. "Properly speaking there is no such
thing as chance." Parse each word.

9. "Who would have dreamed of its
being here?" Correct and parse the words
in italics.

10. "He is the same man who was a
candidate at the last election." Correct
the sentence and give the reason why.

GEOGRAPHY.

1. Why are there not as many degrees
of latitude as of longitude?

2. Give the names of all the lines that
are usually found on maps.

3. What are the evidences of the globu-
lar shape of the earth?

4. Name the races of men in the order
of their superiority, beginning with the
most elevated.

5. How many, and what are the grand
classes of Christians?

6. What classification has been made of
mankind in reference to their knowledge,
manners and customs?

7. What seas touch Europe?

8. What natural division of land is
formed by Norway and Sweden?

9. What lands are separated, and what
waters are connected by the Strait of Gib-
ralter?

10. What large province of Asia be-
longs to Russia?

ARITHMETIC.

1. What is the simple value of a fig-
ure?

2. What is numeration?

3. What do you understand by borrow-
ing ten?

4. What is a composite number?

5. 14 is $\frac{3}{4}$ of what number?

6. When the Divisor and quotient are
given, how do you find the dividend?

7. Find the greatest common divisor of
66,284 and 183,452.

8. At 63 dollars per yard, what will be
the cost of 3-9 of a piece of cloth contain-
ing 84 yards?

9. Multiply 9-10 of $7\frac{1}{2}$ by 11-10 of
86-3-11.

10. Divide 35 cents between 2 boys, so
that one may have 9 more than the other
—required the shares.

SELLING A DOG.—Dick Lazybones was
the owner of a large dog, which it cost as
much to keep as two pigs would have
done; and besides useless; nay, worse than
useless, for, in addition to the expense of
keeping, he took up house room, and
greatly annoyed Dick's wife.

"Plague take the dog!" said she. "Mr.
Lazybones, I do wish you would sell him,
or kill him, or do something or other with
him. He's more plague than his neck is
worth, always lying in the corner and eat-
ing more than it would take to maintain
himself; I wonder you will keep such a
useless animal."

"Well,